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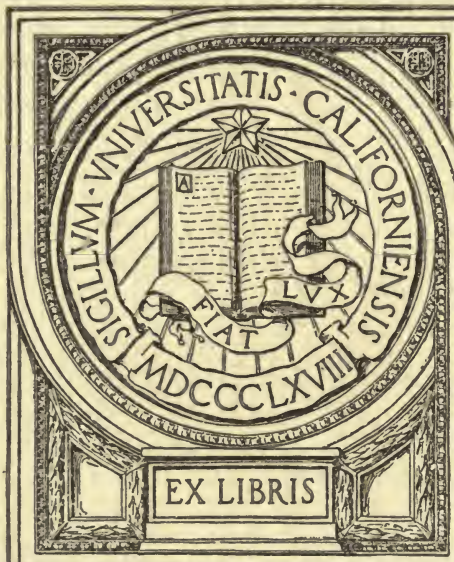

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A Memorial of Ella Campbell Ewing

BY

The Class of 1905, Eureka College

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

TO HER MOTHER

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD 7

I

ANCESTRY AND CHILDHOOD 9

II

COLLEGE DAYS 19

III

AMONG GIRLS 30

IV

THE MISSIONARY APPOINTMENT 42

V

AFRICA 53

VI

IN MEMORIAM 71

FOREWORD

During commencement week at Eureka College in June, 1907, a group of the class of 1905, after a class dinner, was discussing the changes the two years of separation had brought. Uppermost in the minds of all was the loss which had come through the death of Ella Ewing after a service of three months in a mission station at Bolenge, Africa. This was a personal loss to all of these members of the class, for in her each had a friend. What could they do to show their appreciation of her life? One thing there suggested was the writing of a little volume that should tell her life story simply—just as it had been lived. It was believed that this might be an inspiration to young men and women who should read it for nobler, more consecrated living wherever their lives were cast. Perhaps in this way the influence of her life might be increased.

It is with this desire that the book has been prepared. It has been hard not to eulogize when the subject has been so tempting, but the effort has been to tell the story truly and simply.

The members of the class desire to express their appreciation for contributions made by Mrs. Emma C. Ewing, her mother; Mrs. Ferne Stroud

Pratz, an intimate college friend; Mrs. Eva Dye, her companion of the last days; and President R. E. Hieronymus, of Eureka College. Without their help the book in its present form would have been impossible. A group of four more closely woven into the interests of her life could not probably be found.

This book is sent to all who may read its pages as a loving memorial, trusting that their lives may be made richer by the contact with the life of this one who in every sense was a Christian.

I

Ancestry and Childhood

The story of this brief, beautiful life is worth telling because it unfolds the secret of joyous, happy living, a secret hidden from multitudes of people. It is worth telling because it was so potent in touching and influencing for good other young lives, inspiring them to render a larger, nobler service than they would otherwise have done. It is worth telling because it will help many people to discern the values of life in more just proportion, and may lead some to yield themselves to the Master of us all.

Ella Campbell Ewing was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, on February 13, 1883. She was the eldest in a family of five, two daughters and three sons. A half-brother and sister, many years her senior, were gone from the home before her birth. No character or career can be fully understood without considering heredity and early environment. A study of these conditions may be helpful in the interpretation of this life. The ancestors of this noble girl were, without exception, honorable, upright, intelligent people. The distinguishing trait in all of them was their strong religious natures, their deep reverence for

spiritual things. Her great-grandmother on the mother's side was banished from her father's house, disinherited and disowned, because she dared to renounce the faith of her fathers, leaving the Church of England to cast in her lot with the unpopular, even despised Baptists. Undaunted, she left the home of her youth, and accompanied by a sister who sympathized with her in her religious convictions, came to America, where she became the wife of a Baptist minister. Some books from the private library of this worthy couple, discolored with age, and bearing the name of the owner and the library number, are still in possession of the family. One of these was "Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, late Missionary to Burmah."

Both of her grandfathers were deeply interested in the vital questions that agitated the public mind in their time. Chief among these was the subject of slavery, the foul blight that threatened to destroy the fair tree of American liberty. This great evil was not then held in such general disrepute as at present. Many good Christian people looked upon slavery as the normal condition of the negro race, and regarded the "inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as the exclusive possession of white people. Even devout students of the Bible failed to grasp

the truth that the Fatherhood of God as revealed in the New Testament necessitated the brotherhood of man, and that it was the divine purpose to unite the whole human race into one great family. Both ancestral lines held very pronounced views on this subject, regarding human slavery as an unmitigated evil, wholly at variance with the avowed principles of the American republic and the spirit of Christianity. When her Grandfather Ewing was a young man with a very slender income, he was the recipient of a small inheritance, consisting principally of negro slaves. With sublime indifference to pecuniary results, he promptly set them free, incurring the lasting displeasure of relatives who did not share his lofty conceptions of equity and justice.

Her Grandfather Campbell, while not an official of the "Underground Railway" of slavery times, was responsible on numerous occasions for the steaming, jaded condition of the horses in his uncle's barn at daybreak, when fugitive slaves had been helped on their way to freedom and safety in Canada.

Another instance indicates the nobility of character of those from whom Ella inherited her good qualities, and also shows the deep interest they felt in the black race. Her mother's mother while quite a young woman was left with a family of

helpless children dependent upon her. The father's illness had been long and tedious, extending through a period of several years. Their home was gone, there was no income, no means of sustenance. Poverty stared them in the face. But loving friends from her girlhood home came to her relief, offering home and comfort and ease if she would return to them in Kentucky. She gently but firmly refused all these offers of assistance, giving as her only reason for so doing, that she was unwilling to rear her children in a slave State. Years passed, and this noble woman was for a second time a widow, not left in poverty nor yet in affluent circumstances, but with some means at her disposal. It was just at the time that an effort was being made to establish a school at Edwards, Mississippi, to promote the uplifting of the recently freed negroes of the South. With characteristic generosity, and denying herself luxuries to which most people would have considered her justly entitled, she gave the first thousand dollars that was paid toward establishing that school that has been so potent a factor in the development and uplifting of those degraded people. Her sympathies were ever with the oppressed and unfortunate. Hers was a quiet, unostentatious life, but she exerted a wide influence through those whom her kindness blessed.

From one standpoint these occurrences may seem trivial and unimportant, but from another they have great significance. In the light of later developments, especially in their relation to Ella's life, they appear as generations of preparation for Africa, revealing, as they do, deep interest in the oppressed black people, sympathy with them in the wrongs from which they suffered, and a compassionate desire to help them—all of these culminating in the brave, consecrated young life so willingly and eagerly given that she might have part in the redemption of Africa.

Her father, John M. Ewing, was an upright, straightforward, Christian gentleman. No one could point to any dishonorable act of his life. Unostentatious, simple in his tastes, earnest in his purposes, a sincere friend, an honorable business man, a faithful officer in the house of the Lord, he left to his children the rich legacy of an honored name.

Mrs. Ewing also came of parentage of the highest order, devout, intelligent, well-to-do people, who honored God, owed no man, feared no man. They were capable of taking broad views of life, and were interested in all things good. The word of a Campbell was always found to be as good as his bond. The environment of her home life was peculiarly favorable. Her parents,

free from the anxious responsibilities of wealth on the one hand, and the harassing cares of straitened means on the other, were free to live their lives as they would, and to turn all their powers to account. Hers was a bright, happy home, whose inmates lived in simple comfort and unselfish enjoyment. Ella's earlier years were those of a joyous, happy child. Possessed of a bright, sunny disposition, and a rare charm of manner, she was a general favorite with old and young. As soon as she was old enough to comprehend she loved to listen to the reading of the juvenile books with which she was always bountifully supplied. She was greatly interested in the children's missionary periodical "Little Builders at Work," and never wearied of hearing about the needs of heathen people and the work in those dark lands as brought down to childish comprehension in that little publication. Sometimes as she listened with an earnest, far-away look in her lovely eyes she would say, "I will go when I am a woman," or, "I will be a missionary when I grow up." The thought of being a missionary seemed native to her mind, and no counter purpose ever entered her heart at any time, although she did not often speak of it. It was too sacredly cherished to be often mentioned.

As a child she was remarkably healthful and

vigorous and active. Ever ready for a frolic, she saw the ludicrous side of everything, and could do her part in creating fun of the right kind. She entered with zest into all her childish sports. A playhouse erected by her father in the door-yard, and furnished with chairs, table, dressers, china closet, book shelves, etc., and tenanted by a family of dolls, was a source of unending delight to her. The wardrobes for this extensive family were made by her clever little hands, and were the envy of her playmates, few of whom possessed such skill as she in fashioning the various articles of doll apparel.

She eagerly seconded the efforts of her active wide-awake brothers to provide home entertainment, for they were trained to rely upon their own resources and not to make themselves obnoxious by too frequent demands upon neighbors. On one occasion, "Buffalo Bill" having given a street parade and exhibition in Jacksonville, which was evidently just the proper thing in the eyes of the Ewing children, they called in a few of their little neighbors and after consultation decided to have a "show." The horse, surrey, miniature express wagons, carts, baby carriage, and doll carriages, were called into requisition. Ella designed head gear and other regalia that King Solomon never dreamed of, painted the Indians the proper

hue, used stray chicken feathers for eagle pinions, and put horse blankets and lap robes to unknown uses. She seemed to be specially gifted in her new role of circus manager. The show passed off to the full satisfaction of all the gleeful participants, as well as to the amusement of the passers-by, no one enjoying it more than Ella.

When the snow fell if one did not enjoy a good rousing snow-balling it was unsafe to attack Ella, for she manifested the same activity and untiring energy in this as in everything else. She enjoyed skating and all outdoor sports, and excelled in everything she undertook.

She was as helpful as she was playful, and was the one sought to "work examples" for her bewildered little classmates when they could not "prove" their conclusions. She did this with the same readiness that in later years caused her to be asked to translate sentences, or to reveal the mysteries of mathematics to those of her schoolmates that had not yet learned the simplicity of numbers or the co-relation of languages.

While yet a child Ella was a valued helper in the negro industrial school started and supported by her mother. With her own deft little hands she guided the clumsy untrained fingers of the girls in sewing. The promise which never failed was that each completed garment should become

the possession of the little seamstress, but the putting on of buttons and the making of button holes was always considered the special privileged duty of Ella and her mother. She also delighted in making herself useful in the negro Sunday school, not as a regular teacher but as a substitute when her mother could not go, and also in helping to drill the little ones when they were preparing for Children's Day or Christmas exercises, teaching them the songs, serving as organist, or hearing their recitations. She liked to see everybody having a "good time," and was never happier than when contributing to the enjoyment of those less favored than herself. This characteristic trait of her childhood appeared through all her life. Her highest wish was accomplished when she could lavish upon the degraded negroes of the Congo her heart-wealth of loving service. At sixteen she taught regularly in the primary department of the Bible school in the home church, and also had full charge of a similar department in the mission school that was in successful operation at that time on the south side of the city.

From early childhood it was her delight to make herself useful, and to be helpful in every possible way. It is easy to think of her in the higher service to which she has been called, as filling a place

among the ministering spirits who are "sent forth to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

Her influence in the home was like sunshine in May, cheering, enlivening, a power for good. Her native loveliness and high principle shone radiantly here. She was a most obedient and loving daughter, soothing many a heartache and cheering many a clouded hour for her mother. Her brothers and sister learned through her what the depth of a sister's affection is. Her constant aim was to give a right bias to their characters. The one great sorrow that shadowed her joyous life was the loss of her father whom she loved devotedly. He preceded her six years into the higher life. The memory of her childhood years is to those who loved her most sweet and fragrant as the fairest flowers, and it is a pleasure, though not unmixed with pain, to remember that she has entered upon immortal youth.

II

College Days

After graduating from the high school of Jacksonville, Illinois, in June, 1902, Ella with her family removed to Eureka, where she entered Eureka College the following September. Thus even during her college course she was to be surrounded by the home she so deeply loved and whose every interest she earnestly felt. Doubtless it is true that for many boys and girls there is an advantage in being removed from the home environment and placed amid new conditions, where each must stand on his own feet and fight his own battles. The subject of this sketch needed no such training as this. There was no selfishness which needed elimination. She had never in any weak sense been dependent upon her family, but had always, rather, been a support. The home formed for her a background for all college activities and in no sense hindered but rather helped her participation in these.

She came to college a quiet, retiring girl. She watched with interest the arrival of the new students and took an active interest in all the events of those opening days. She was quiet, not for a

lack of individuality, but it rather was a part of the distinctiveness of personality which one must early feel. Her whole appearance was simple, but there was a certain glad light in her eyes and a sweetness in her smile which one must see and know that she desired to be a helpful friend.

How often have young people heard during their school days, "Enjoy yourself now, for these are the happiest days of your life." Ella would have objected to this statement, saying that she believed no present state should be the happiest, but that every stage of one's life should bring a new and deeper happiness. College days do, though, have a peculiar charm. There is no later time when one can have the same care-free spirit of "good time" and comradeship which comes when removed from the world's rush into a quiet college community, where all have similar purposes. This is especially true of Eureka, where the student body is so small that each one may know the other. The village is quiet, and the students must make their own amusement. This is an advantage, because it calls forth all of one's resourcefulness. Such a life is indeed one of romance. We are young and all things are possible. Every circumstance is novel, calculated in some way to serve our growth and happiness. Even those of us who have had unusual cares and

have learned to toil find anew the joy of play. We make a few intimate friends and a wide circle of acquaintances. We build our aircastles, talk about our ideals to those about us, and have them criticised. The wonders of the world are revealed to us. What has been worth while throughout the world's history has been preserved in the books now opened to our minds. In the teachers we have wise guides who not only open the books for us but tell how their knowledge may be applied to our lives. All of this makes a wonderful world—a place of charm, into which some enter more fully than others.

To Ella Ewing it was ever a joyous world, and into it she poured her life, drinking in its riches in return. She loved it all and regarded her life there as a sacred gift. Her studies were ever a delight, though she was not a brilliant student. Her grades were always good, and she eagerly sought the truth. She didn't care for high marks, but counted development of much greater value. Some studies she preferred above others, but this preference never made her unfaithful in any of them. She was not satisfied merely to "learn" a thing, but wanted to know its meaning. She placed a correct emphasis upon the value of books. They were to her treasure houses of the world, and while she read a great deal and was

familiar with many books, she wanted, in her reading, to get something always that could be counted worth while. This balance of judgment was in no sense abnormal. She loved to read what any strong, joyous, Christian girl would enjoy.

Having in mind constantly her purpose to become a missionary to some foreign land, she took most of the Bible courses offered by the college, and Professor Silas Jones, the head of this department, says of her: "Ella Ewing was a delight to her teachers. She was faithful in the doing of her tasks and she carried enthusiasm into the class. The subject as it unfolded possessed an increasing interest for her, and her teachers felt that she was receiving daily benefits from her studies. For her teachers she had the kindest feeling. It was her aim to help them, not to add to their difficulties. It was an exalted privilege to teach her."

Professor J. B. Radford, the senior professor of the college, was one of her intimate friends. In the college the professors and students come very close together. The whole community is small enough that these guides of young minds learn to know the individual needs and the ideals of each of those who come to sit under them. They are men, too, who recognize this opportunity and do not fail to improve it. How many boys

and girls have been kept from shattered ideals and wasted lives by words from these wise counselors! The president and his colleagues of the faculty spend hours each day in thus striving to be really helpful to those who need their helpfulness. No student appreciated this more than Ella, and the teachers all loved her. Professor Radford writes: "I do not feel equal to the task of writing a tribute to Ella Ewing. It would be easier to estimate the soul-value of many whom the world applauds as great than this simple, obscure, heroic, humanity-loving girl. When I recall her utter unselfishness, sincerity, conscientiousness and cheerfulness born of faith, the statement that she regarded me as one of her favorite teachers gives me more pleasure than the applause of multitudes. I quote what I have already published in two papers for youth: 'Near the close of 1906 a young girl sat beside me at our family table at the evening meal. In a few weeks she went to plague-stricken, sin-darkened Africa and died in the attempt to carry light to those who were in that valley of the shadow. Grand old John Milton sang, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It is just as true that peace hath her heroisms more sublime than war. Women in the humble theater of the home, in the face of poverty, loneliness, sickness, and sorrow, have dis-

played immeasurably greater and sublimer heroism than was ever displayed in all the battlefields of war. I have seen much of war and heroism, but have never known a braver soul than Ella Ewing.'" The other members of the college faculty would bring tribute equally high to the nobility of this girl, their pupil.

She was a member of the Periclesian Literary Society, entering with spirit into all of its programs and social meetings. She was also a very popular member of the "As You Like It Club," limited to a membership of twelve girls. She loved fun as much as anybody, and at times when "new rules" were made concerning games and other pleasures about the college, she could be as indignant as other healthy students when they considered that those in authority had overstepped their limits. She was loyal to the college in all athletic sports—helping to make banners, creating new songs and yells, and always wanted to be in the girls' cheering section. She herself was an enthusiastic basket ball player until an accident impaired her health so that she could no longer play.

She entered with zeal into the sports of her brothers, wanting to see them excel in whatever they did. When they and some other friends were fitting up a fraternity house she helped with sug-

gestions and in other ways, and was regarded by the fraternity fellows as their sister. They never hesitated to confide in her, and ever held her in the highest esteem. She was interested in all college pranks that were innocent, and admired frankness and honesty everywhere.

It has already been said that her home was the background for all of her college life. This could hardly be overemphasized. Early in that first year, when the freshmen wanted to have their first "frolic," it was to the Ewing home that they were invited. It was a strenuous affair. The poor freshmen were attacked by the upper classmen, and several were captured. Both boys and girls had to sneak in at the back door of the house; one fellow skinned his hands through sliding down a rope to make his escape from prison and others were roughly used, but finally all were assembled. To them it was a great night, and nobody entered into the excitement and fun more heartily than did Ella. Her home was the home of many a lonely girl on every year during those "first days," so long as Ella was in college. But in it all she tried to make no extra work for the mother. She was a veritable Martha in the home, and no one could be more unselfish than she in her home relationships. At any time she would give up an evening's engagement that her mother

might have the pleasure, often making the excuse of study, as she could in no other way induce her mother to go. Her devotion to her brothers and sister was constant. If their lessons were difficult, she neglected her own that they might have theirs. And when things went wrong, as they do at times with all boys, she stood with good cheer and encouragement ready to smooth things out and draw their attention in some other direction until the sun shone again.

For one year she was president of the Young Women's Christian Association of the college. Among the other work of this position, all of which she did admirably, numerous social duties fell to her lot—the providing of entertainments, preparation for receptions, welcoming new students. She was at home in any of these social gatherings—pointing out some bashful fellow for somebody to entertain, introducing all strangers, talking with the professors, or overseeing the refreshments in the kitchen. All of these things over which she had charge went enthusiastically, because she put so much of her own enthusiasm into them. She never sought positions of leadership, but these in time came to seek her, and she graciously and humbly accepted her work. During the summer, when a few students usually remained to "make up work," her home was their

home and she did much to make them less lonely when nearly all the college population had been removed.

Being a resident of Eureka, she entered heartily into the life of the church there, was a teacher in the Sunday school, an active spirit in Christian Endeavor work and a leader in the Missionary Circle. Into this work she carried her enthusiasm and joy. These could never be left behind because they were a part of her—inground with all the interests of her life. She was a valuable assistant in this work and sought out the lowliest, that she might make him welcome in the Lord's house. It was natural for her to be thoughtful and unselfish—natural because her love of God was real. The children in Sunday school loved her. They are more ready than adults to recognize true character, and no man or woman hates and shuns pretension more than they.

Ella's friendships were deep and lasting. In one sense of that word she might not be called popular, but she was so in the highest sense. She never sought it. Her desire was to love rather than be loved. She was not frivolous and never had those enslaving friendships which seem dearer than life itself for a time but which are short-lived. She had three or four friends whose souls were knit to hers. She respected their in-

dividuality, they hers. They were friendships not to be talked about, and which could not be made but which just came. She was thankful for them and enjoyed them to the full. Then there was another larger group that knew her intimately; they all loved and admired her, having been associated with her in the classroom, the society ball, the Young Women's Christian Association cabinet, and elsewhere. Still others, who had not become so intimate, looked upon her with admiration and felt that if ever they were in trouble they could go to her. A life seldom produces more than three or four friends in whom one can feel all confidence, and know that no matter what may come these few will remain true, that they care about what happens, and one can always be sure of their sympathy and help. Indeed, that man or woman is rich who possesses such. These came to Ella Ewing in her college days. They still think of her and are helped by that friendship. One of these friends after having written something concerning her life said: "Words could never express the feeling I had for Ella; thus this seems so hollow. Ella was such a dear, common girl, not too lofty for anyone to love."

It will be readily seen that she entered into all the life with which she found herself surrounded

when she entered college. Society, fun, study, church, and friendships, each had its place, and she gave to and received from each, so that her life was well rounded and enriched. With these manifold interests, she was able by doing work through one summer to graduate in 1905, having done heavy work all the time in college, so that she completed the course in three years. It would be unjust not to say what must be already known to the readers, from this narration—that through everything and at all times she was a Christian. This was evident. She didn't need to talk of it, and there was no religious cant in her life. She was in college a quiet power for the Christ to whom she had given her life.

III

Among Girls

Begin the day with God;
  Kneel down to him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
  And seek his love to share.

Open the Book of God,
  And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
  And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
  Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art, at home, abroad,
  He is still near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
  Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
  And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;
  Thy sins to him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
  And plead his righteousness.

—*Selected.*

Ella Ewing followed this rule for her daily life from the time she could lisp her baby prayers until she was called from her chosen work at

Bolenge, Africa, to her eternal rest. All who knew her soon learned the source of her power and happiness. They were made to feel that her heavenly Father was a reality in her life, not some one who was far away and whose help was asked in times of trouble or sorrow, but with whom some time each day was spent, and whose will was sought in all things—duty or pleasure.

Early she learned the importance of small things and she went about doing good in these rather than waiting for some great thing. This was one of the lessons she early learned from the life of Jesus. Every life she touched was gladdened by "little things" of thoughtfulness and love. Of this characteristic a classmate has written: "Near the close of the summer of 1904 I spent a few days with Ella at her home in Eureka, preparatory to attending the Student Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association at Lake Geneva. At that time as never before I was impressed by the talent of appreciation of the small things of everyday life which she possessed. She arrived in Eureka from an extended visit at the old home in Jacksonville on the same train as I; consequently, she was busy with the preparation for the visit to Geneva. But she was always ready to listen to the other members of the family as they told

about the little things which had happened in her absence, and not only to listen but to manifest an intense interest in them. The little brother was made happy by her questions concerning his pastimes during the summer, and the younger sister was praised for the way she had learned to cook. These are only two instances out of the many. At the time this thought came to me—'If every girl would take the time to express the interest which she feels in the home, what a grand result would follow! Would not our homes be truly the garden spots of the world?'"

It was among the college girls that Ella's life was especially fruitful, and this thoughtfulness for the "little thing" made it so. All of them liked her, from the youngest girls, who regarded her as a sort of ideal, to those of her own age, who enjoyed her intimate companionship. She had no enemies, though some appreciated her spirit more than others. She was equally generous and helpful with all. Her very simplicity and naturalness won them all. New students would say: "You don't mean to say she is going to be a missionary? Why, she's much too sweet and attractive for that—and jolly, too!" For she always had a good time. It was a common expression with her that things were "the most fun." She had such a way of sharing her good

times that the most timid and reserved girls were always included. While she had before her always a lofty ideal which many could not appreciate, it in no way kept her from seeing the importance of the present and from entering fully into all of its interests. She loved wholesome fun, picnics, "spreads," athletics just as much as any of her companions in the college life. She had that love of humanity which made her feel her kinship with all mankind, and her neighbor and friend were those nearest who needed her.

She was sad over any mistake which another girl might make, and when she saw any incident where a word or smile or deed might help one who had erred she was always ready to give it. Many girls felt this helpfulness. Yet the highest usefulness which she made of the opportunity of those years when surrounded by so many whose lives and characters were in the making, was by so living that her life would be an inspiration. To many who had come from rural communities, where the principal religious activity was a church service once a week, this untiring interest in others was something new. They had looked upon church and Christianity even as limitations —things quite necessary but surely not to be enjoyed. To such girls, largely through Ella

Ewing's work, an awakening came. They caught some of her joy. Religion came to be to them, as it was to her, a very real force. Jesus and the other Bible characters became real men and women. Perhaps not one of these girls could tell any particular thing which she had said to help them, but they would not deny the influence—the shadow, as it were, of her life which had fallen on theirs.

It was very natural that she should become the president of the Young Women's Christian Association. It was perhaps equally to be expected that her term of office should see more accomplished than usual. She in no way disappointed those who looked to her for leadership. She had as her cabinet an unusually strong lot of girls. Her strength increased that of all the others. A complete canvass was made among the girls, with the result that an unusually large number became members of the Association, and the Bible classes were large and enthusiastic. She was wont to do too much. Mrs. Dye, who knew her so well in Bolenge, in speaking of her said: "Any of you who knew Ella Ewing know how impossible it was to keep her from going beyond her strength, and with her tireless energy, to keep her from doing the many duties that always lay near her." This was especially true in her work for the As-

sociation. As its leader her thoughts and plans for anything that might be helpful to the girls were unceasing. By the constant thought which she gave in this way so much was accomplished that those who saw the results could only wonder at the quiet power behind the worker. The source of her power and cause of the success, she would say, came from the Divine. Nothing was ever undertaken without prayer for help and guidance. This had such an important place in her life. Was it some girl she wanted to help, some new plan for the Association, some difficulty to be overcome? —for everything there was prayer. Nor was it forgotten when some blessing had come or some success been attained; then the prayer of thankfulness was always given. Strength from her Father in her winning personality could not be withstood. Her cabinet girls saw her faith and could but share the spirit of her work. The growth in character shown by some of these and the work they were able to do both surprised and delighted the college leaders.

Yet with all of her zeal it was in a very quiet, unassuming way that she worked, so that those watching might think she herself was doing little. Nevertheless, the work was done as a result of her leadership. When things could not be done as she had thought best—if what she really desired

in a certain way was denied her, she never gave up nor lost courage, but it was her way to consider it a part of God's plan for his work and his children, and she would think:

This thing on which thy heart was set, this thing
that cannot be,
This weary, disappointing day, that dawns, my friend,
for thee—
Be comforted: God knoweth best, the God whose
name is love,
Whose tender care is ever more our passing lives
above.
He sends the disappointment? Well, then, take it
from his hand.
Shall God's appointment seem less good than what
thyself had planned?

God bids thee labor, and the place is thick with thorn
and brier;
But he will share the hardest task, until he calls
thee higher.
So take each disappointment, friend; 'tis at thy
Lord's command;
Shall God's appointment seem less good than what
thy self had planned?—*M. E. Sangster.*

Every girl who has attended a Y. W. C. A. conference at Lake Geneva has hallowed memories of that beautiful place. The Eureka College girls who attended the conference in 1904 have an unusually rich store of memories, because in all their

thoughts Ella Ewing is inseparably linked with all the events of the conference. Four Lincoln College girls, one from Bradley Polytechnic Institute and three from Eureka, Ella, Cora Coriell and Lucretia ("Crete") Elliott, shared one tent in the Illinois section. Ella and Crete roomed together. Such good times as the eight girls had! They were very proud of the living room of their tent. The secretaries said that their rugs and pillows made it the most aristocratic one on the grounds.

Ella enjoyed the conference as much as any girl ever did. She had many opportunities to talk to the workers concerning her chosen work. She entered with her whole soul into the recreations of the place. The girls in this tent had a boat rented. She took great pleasure in rowing; but not even this sport, of which she was so fond, could induce her to miss the meetings of the Volunteer Band, which came at a time when rowing is most enjoyed. No doubt at this time she met girls who remember gratefully the lesson which her life and spirit always taught. That this always impressed itself wherever she was is witnessed by this word from one of the National Student secretaries, three years after the conference, during which time nothing had transpired to bring her in contact with Miss Ewing: "I am

quite sure that I well remember her as one of the delegates at the summer conference in the West several years ago."

One of the speakers at Geneva that year was the Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, a missionary to Africa. No one could listen unmoved to the graphic recital of his experiences in the Dark Continent. His address, upon "The Need, the Supply, the Trust," especially appealed to Ella. It seemed to strengthen her desire to go to Africa —not to lose her life but to find it, for she thoroughly believed these words of Mr. Hotchkiss: "You talk about losing your life in foreign mission fields. If there is any place in God's world where a man or woman can find his or her life, it is there."

As has already been intimated, her greatest happiness came from the thought that she was permitted to serve—to give of her life. Nothing so made the sunshine come from her face as to know that she was really helping somebody. She counted it all a part of her joyous service to God. More than one girl can be found who was led to do some kind of active Christian work because of the example of the joyous and loving service of this girl who was their friend. While before knowing her they may have counted such work a drudgery or burden, something that would deprive them

of pleasure, their acquaintance with her made them anxious to know her joy. She "lived not unto herself."

This spirit is shown from the fact that one of her favorite songs was,

> I'll go where you want me to go,
> I'll be what you want me to be.

Miss Margaret Sherff, Editor of the Association publication of Peoria, Illinois, writes this tribute to her: "I shall never forget the evening in October, 1905, when I was sent by our secretary to give a talk on Bible study to the Eureka Association to help stimulate the new girls, who were just entering college, to join a Bible class. The opening hymn was being sung when Miss Ewing and I entered the hall, and we stood talking together a few minutes in the anteroom, for she was in the midst of telling me that she was a student volunteer and was intending to go to Africa as a 'living link' of her church. She was joyfully studying then, a faithful student of God's Word, of unceasing prayer life, and full of vivacity. Just as she was enthusiastically telling me her one aim was to be used of Christ in saving these Africans whose souls were as pure and precious in his sight as all others, and that she felt called to her life-work in Africa alone, the strains of the next song

just begun in the adjoining room came to us, and Miss Ewing radiantly cried, 'I'll have to sing that! I can't keep still as it is sung!' The song was 'I'll go where you want me to go.' "

After a brief separation from college friends, during which time she had been obedient to the voice of God, on one bright May afternoon in 1907 all the sunshine seemed taken away by one brief line from across the sea, bearing the news that Ella Ewing had gone from her earthly home to enter a higher service. All those whose lives she had ever touched felt that this was a personal sorrow, and a more eloquent tribute could not be paid than the grief felt by those girls who had been so closely associated with her during the three years of her college life and the one and one half years before her departure, when she had done graduate work in the college. Classes were out of the question, and the students gathered in little groups about the campus and buildings, silent for the most part, for tears came which would not be stopped.

On that afternoon two or three girls who had known her in a very personal way were talking over some of the incidents in Ella's busy life, recalling among other things one Saturday evening at the very beginning of her college course when she had led the devotional meeting of the

Christian Association. The theme for discussion that night was "College Friendship," and Ella had read from John the words of Jesus to his disciples, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another," and ending with the words which were so prophetic of her own life: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Then in her earnest, thoughtful way, she told of her own ideals about friendship. "One must not be selfish with friends, nor exclusive about them; one must be ready to sacrifice for them, and be willing to bear with them and for them." And as she urged that each girl might have a vision of what this commandment of love could mean it seemed to those who knew her best that quite unconsciously she was picturing not her ideal but her life as it really was.

Some one has said that if a man only lives in accordance with his highest ideals, it is only a question of time until God will mold him into a perfect likeness with them. That is why those girls who knew Ella best have marked those verses in John, the fifteenth chapter, as the best story of her life that could ever be written.

IV

The Missionary Appointment

The purpose to become a missionary would seem almost to have been inherited. Her grandmother's devotion to the cause of the "freedmen," her mother's work among the black people in Jacksonville, show an intense eagerness to help those who had not the light of Christ's love. When Ella was three months old, holding the baby in her arms, her mother dedicated her to the cause of missions and faithfully and prayerfully trained her to love the missionary idea. Thus it was that missions became to her the very breath of life.

It is not an easy matter to write of the purposes that any individual may have in life without touching almost every phase of that life. A purpose that is real and genuinely great acts as a motive of the whole being. The pursuit of it is coexistent and coextensive with success and happiness. The accomplishment of it in its fullness is seldom realized, but, like a worthy ideal, it constantly keeps pace with our advance and grows as we enlarge our vision.

A truly great purpose is not often a creature of our conscious efforts. We may feed and nurture

it, but sooner or later it becomes an atmosphere in itself, a nature in which we live and grow. It assumes control of our efforts. It feeds our character and by its passionate mastery it may make us creatures of good or evil.

A purpose of this kind is seldom acquired in a day or by any one special impulse. We occasionally find one whose overwhelming ambition was born in a moment of great mental or spiritual conflict. But such an one may lean to the extreme of fanaticism. Very often great purposes do not take definite shape until they are called forth by some summons from above or from within; but there are usually to be found a number of associations, influences, or inclinations that have been day by day storing the mind and heart with the elements of future activity. We may truly say that most often a great purpose had its beginning in a parental ambition and its earliest nurture in childhood. It grows with the mind and body. It does not crowd out other things, but it unconsciously encourages every phase of development, to the end that it may prove useful later. In its own time, it becomes a rational passion, a calm, natural control that endows us with the sense that we were born for this one end.

We have spoken of the fact that the influence of a great purpose may be good or it may be

evil. A child born in an atmosphere of injustice and reared to ideals of vengeance will almost irresistibly develop the murderer. In the ascending direction, the results are the same. The fruit of an exalted and unselfish purpose is a beautiful, unselfish life. Such a life with such a purpose was that of Ella Ewing. Measured by all standards, her purpose was surely a great one. There can be no purpose more unselfish, more ennobling, than the consecration of self, time, talents, everything to this greatest of causes, the evangelization of the world. Foreign missions, in particular, is an expression of pure unselfishness. When in the midst of friends and familiar surroundings, we may find ourselves almost unconsciously thinking of their attitude toward us. Not that the desire to excel is not laudable, but we often desire excellence for its reflex tribute to ourselves rather than for its power in the cause. The foreign missionary goes to his chosen field and labors in the midst of overwhelming difficulties with few or none of his own sympathetic race to look on. He is honored and loved for his service, but God and eternity alone can tell the story in its fullness.

All other ambitions which might have been in the life of Ella Ewing were made to bend to this one central purpose. She never aspired to anything else and it was always her first thought

to fit herself for this work. To this end she was always anxious to do anything that would increase her usefulness, counting as necessary to her development even any simple domestic knowledge. In view of these facts, it is not hard to understand how she would readily and naturally fall in with the declaration of the Student Volunteer Movement: "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." It would seem that her life fitted admirably into the positive meaning of this pledge as it is given by D. Willard Lyon: "It is the expression of a firm and determined purpose to make the foreign missionary work one's lifework, if God permit."

We may be able to see, in some measure at least, the way in which this purpose moved her, by a perusal of the burning sentences which she read and marked in the little book by Sherwood Eddy, "The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student." Here is one: "And what are the opportunities in this vocation? To go to a nation whose very springs are corrupted, whose government is unstable, social conditions debased, economic problems unsolved; a people drinking the dregs of immorality; to go to them with all the little brain we possess, but, vastly more important, with a gospel that will solve every problem and transform every evil; to establish light centers, to train the

native ministry, to guide a growing church, to mold a nation's life; to know that even in the face of apparent present failure ultimate success is assured; that 'to the missionary the future is as certain as if he had touched it.' He expects long toil and many disasters, but he looks, as surely as he looks for the sunrise after nights of tempest and of lingering dawn, for the ultimate illumination of the world."

On the opposite page is another: "I would not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should drivel down into a king. What are all your kings, all your nobles, all your diadems when you put them together, compared with the dignity of winning souls for Christ, with the special honor of building for Christ, not on another man's foundation but of preaching Christ's gospel in regions far beyond?" On still another page, we find this heavily underscored: "There will be men beyond the sea who will go through life without the knowledge of Christ because *you* would not let him send you to them." Again: "A world of sinning and suffering men, each man my brother, calls on me for work, work, work." Also, "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple."

The idealism of missions was expressed to her in this marked sentence: "Perhaps no work so

nearly approaches and repeats the work of Christ"; the appeal of missions, in the following marked paragraph: "O for men willing to do God's will! O for men seeking to know it! 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'" And in harmony with the same thought she had marked: "A man is sitting in his study. A friend comes in—'There is a family starving in a house right across the way!' 'Yes, so I have heard; but I have a brother here at home who needs food. He is obstinate. He has locked himself in his room and will not eat.' 'But cannot the rest of your family feed him?' 'Yes, but I have influence with him. I am preparing a series of sermons and will read them to him every Sunday before his door. I am going to show him how unreasonable he is.' 'But, man, these people are *starving*. They are starving *now!*' 'But, really, I don't feel called. I am not drawn to them somehow.' 'Have you ever looked into their need and found out about them? Come over and look into their hungry faces and you will feel called.' 'Well, I will consider it. I am willing to go—I hope—but—' 'O, my friend, come now! You may live willing and die willing, but it will not give them bread. Will you go?'" Yes, across this broad enlightened land there are men in almost every college and seminary who admit

the need, admit they could meet it, but who let some possible future question postpone the issue. "Will the board send?" God will send. "Will the way open up?" There was no way to the promised land, but the waters parted when the leaders of Israel stepped in with faith. The lions in Pilgrim's way were found to be chained when he tried to pass them. Doubt sees impassable mountains in its way, but faith says, "Be thou removed and cast into the sea."

Ella was a diligent Bible student. She seemed to study the Word for pure love of it. She prepared a little book of favorite passages which she committed to memory. These verses are a powerful witness to her love of the cause of missions: Romans 15. 1: "Now, we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." John 13. 16: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, A servant is not greater than his lord; neither one that is sent, greater than he that sent him." Luke 15. 7: "I say unto you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance." Phil. 3. 10: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, becoming conformed unto his death."

She was a great reader of missionary books.

Nothing in the College Library escaped her, and she bought many books relating to her chosen field.

The absolute unselfishness of her purpose is best revealed in her choice of field. To some, perhaps, healthfulness of climate and immunity from danger may enter into the consideration. With Ella Ewing it was only the greatest need and the place where she could accomplish most that determined her choice. She at one time thought favorably of China and wanted to prepare herself for medical work there. The "open door" of that country greatly appealed to her, and when she was forced to consider questions of health because of her illness it seemed both to her and her mother that this was probably her God-appointed field. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society, under whose supervision it was her purpose to work, also thought favorably of China, and some correspondence was conducted relative to an appointment there. Despite all this there was a yearning for work in the Dark Continent, and at last when the way opened for her appointment there she was supremely happy.

The following paragraphs which she had read and marked made a strong impression upon her: "Africa—Slavery, Fettered in Soul, manacled in mind, enslaved in body, Africa lies prostrate be-

fore the rapine and avarice of the world. Dragged captive by the Mohammedan, crazed by the intoxicants of Christian nations, made murderous by their firearms, Africa is bleeding out her lifeblood at every pore." "In the great heart of the Dark Continent, that must be very near to Him who came to set the captive free, are seventy-five million souls unsought by a single missionary. The needs of our home mission fields are great, yet there are more Christian workers among the eight million negroes of the South than among the one hundred and sixty millions of Africa." Again, "When we come to consider *where* we shall go, the presumption is in favor of the greatest need." These seem to indicate the workings of her mind on this point. O, that a multitude of Christian people might be actuated by motives of this character!

In spite of the fact of her deep consecration, there was a time when it seemed she would be unable to accept any appointment under the Foreign Society. She was for several months quite unwell. For a long time preceding and following her graduation from college she was under the care of a physician. Her recovery was slow. Her best friends shook their heads over her ever assuming the risk of going into a strange climate so far away from home. She felt the danger herself and

this is found among her marked passages: "Since the way seems blocked, has my love for the heathen waned? Am I willing with all my heart to write out and sign this?—'If God does not permit me to go as a foreign missionary, I will, God helping me, make just as many sacrifices for the heathen at home as if I had gone. I will never indulge in luxuries. Every single cent throughout my whole life shall be spent in realizing the need of the world for the gospel. My time, my effort and my intellect I will strive to use with my eyes upon a ruined world.'"

She did not feel this way very long, however. She continued her preparations even when it seemed useless to do so. She used to say to her mother at this time: "Mother, I do not see why you think it impossible for my health to be restored. I believe when the time comes for me to go, I will be well." This was her constant prayer and with implicit faith she believed it would be answered.

In the summer of 1906 Ella gained in health and seemed to be feeling well again. She met the examining board of the Missionary Society and received her appointment to Africa. During the summer she attended at Cincinnati the annual conference held for the missionaries under appointment and those who are to return from their

furloughs. Here she met Miss Alice Ferrin, who was to be her fellow passenger to the Congo and her coworker in that field. She enjoyed the conference thoroughly and all the time rejoiced as the time approached for her entrance upon her chosen lifework. When she finally went away from Eureka it was with a glad heart that she looked forward to her work in Africa; but there was, of course, the sadness of saying good-by to her people, to the home she loved, and to the many assembled at the station from the college and the town to give parting messages. Through all of this trying ordeal of farewell receptions and good-by messages she kept her usual calm and bravery. At last her purpose was being fulfilled—she was to be a missionary.

V

Africa

The early history of the mission at Bolenge is one of patient toil against fearful odds. The terrible degradation of the people made it impossible for them to understand the possibility of a single man or woman living a pure life. Hence for the first years it was deemed unwise to permit single woman missionaries to enter this field. The wives of the missionaries who were there did what they could to carry on all the departments of the work naturally devolving upon women. But after the organization of the little native church and the opening of the girls' orphanage and training school more women workers were very necessary.

In 1906 a petition was sent to America for two young women as workers at Bolenge, as Mrs. Dye, the only woman then at the station, had been stricken with a severe illness. Twenty girls in the orphanage, a large day school and women's meetings all needed leadership. Ella Ewing was then preparing to go to China, but when this call came and she was asked by the Foreign Society to consider it, she felt that it had come as the fulfillment of her long-cherished ambition to work

among the black race. From the day of her appointment Ella set herself to learn everything available concerning her future work and desirable qualifications. She left home in December, and with Miss Ferrin, whom she had met in the summer, and Mr. Eldred, who had been in America on his furlough, started on the long journey to Bolenge.

Meanwhile those on the field were anxiously awaiting news of their arrival. A reception committee, consisting of every member of the church and all the people of the village and mission station, had been appointed. However, in spite of this preparation, they came in unexpectedly and found every one at work, wholly unprepared for a "reception." Perhaps it was better for them to see life in its everyday form and be introduced to the busy side at once. It was a happy day at the mission. Mr. Eldred was cordially welcomed back to his work. Miss Ferrin had come to be the bride of Mr. Andrew Hensey, one of the missionaries, and it was a joy to see them reunited. All together shared the joy of welcoming Ella to her new work and home. To none did her coming mean so much as to Mrs. Dye, who had been forced to lay aside her work, but who now rejoiced at the privilege of seeing this one sent of God to take up that beloved work again.

A few days after their arrival, February 9, 1907, was Ella's twenty-fourth birthday. She had heard that it was the custom in the mission to always remember such days and in her sweet unselfishness had made Miss Ferrin promise not to tell lest some extra work be done in her behalf. However, it was discovered and preparations were made to observe it. Unsuspectingly Ella helped make all arrangements, thinking it but the ordinary preparation of the evening meal, but when the two girls had gone to their room, rugs and cushions were quickly spread on the grass on the bank of the Congo and the cake and mementoes, together with twenty-four brass rods tied with a ribbon were put on a rug to one side. All were in their places, Mr. Eldred, Mr. Hensey, Dr. Widdowson, Dr. and Mrs. Dye, when the girls caught sight of them. To those watching, it was a beautiful picture they made as they came running, Ella easily outdistancing Alice in the race, and then the sudden, happy surprise when Ella saw the vacant place and its meaning burst upon her. Tears filled her eyes, though the wondrous smile which always so transformed her face bespoke her appreciation. She was the life of the party.

At the end of the first week she had taken her place and was already busy helping the girls with their sewing, and was attending the school with

Alice, to help Mr. Hensey in any way possible. She had begun her regular study of the language and had won a place in every heart. Naturally an ideal had been raised for the young woman who should come in answer to the call, and in Ella this ideal was more than realized. She was a girl of unusual intellectual power and of true spiritual worth, which manifested itself in her unbounded faith.

In the weeks that followed she for some time took full charge of the day school during Mr. Hensey's enforced absence and proved her exceptional ability. She won the love of every child and teacher as she combined extreme gentleness with tact and firm discipline. Her whole life had been a preparation, so that she was as much at home cutting out garments and teaching the girls to sew them, or teaching and helping the girls in the kitchen and in all the other departments of their domestic training, as she was in the school room. Ella herself describes these busy days in a letter which was written April 14, 1907, after she had been on the field for two months:

Mr. Hensey and Alice Ferrin had to go to Leopoldville and Mr. Eldred has been in the "back country" on an evangelistic trip, leaving only four of us—and two of these new people—to carry on the work. You can imagine how busy we were. Dr.

Dye had to do all the preaching and look after the meetings, so Dr. Widdowson went to work in the dispensary. This is no small task, for the natives around here think that a "European doctor," and especially Dr. Dye, is a most wonderful creature, and they come to him with everything. Dr. Widdowson has been in Africa only a few months and you can imagine how wearing it would be upon one who does not know very much of the language. Dr. Widdowson is also a carpenter, and he has to oversee two sets of workmen—one set is building my house and the other is building the house for our new printing press, which will be here in about a month. Each piece of lumber has to be sawed out and made by hand, and these carpenter men have to be watched very closely. All of this keeps one man very busy. The meetings Dr. Dye has to look after keep him busy. There are two church services every Sunday and Sunday School in the afternoon. Every evening right after supper is the class of people who have asked for special training. Wednesday night is native prayer meeting, and Friday night is Christian Endeavor meeting. Saturday night is the regular church meeting. Every morning before Dr. Dye sends the workmen out there is a short gospel service for them. Besides looking after all these meetings, he had to give the numerous workmen their tasks for each day.

Mrs. Dye is much better. She seems real well now, but cannot walk very far. They have a chair to carry her in when we go out from the house. She is such a splendid planner and can do a good deal of work with the sewing class. It is really

remarkable what that woman can do. Perhaps you know how sick she has been. Two or three times they thought she was dead and several times it seemed that she could not possibly live more than a few hours. It is a miracle, people out here think, when they see her now. It is only since we girls came that she has been able to be up all day, but now she is almost every day. She goes to church now every Sunday morning—two of the men carry her in her chair. She probably never would have been sick if there had been more missionaries. She just gave out from overwork.

This left me to run the school all by myself. You can imagine what kind of a time I had. Had only been here six weeks, knew very little of the language, and very little of the customs of the people. One of the native Christian boys always went with me and conducted the opening exercises, and we have native teachers for each of the classes. I had to get the work ready for school and then visit the different classes. Fortunately, in the six weeks, I had enough language to be able to tell when their reading was right, and I had learned to count so I could understand the arithmetic. It was just simple addition and subtraction and so I could get along, but it was slow work. However, it has been a good thing for me, for I have been right with the people and have just had to make myself understood some way or other. Please don't think that I am complaining because of so much work to do—not for one minute. I am so happy to have it to do. I was simply trying to show what our busy life is.

Let me describe a day at the station. At six o'clock the bell rings for work. Mrs. Dye and I do not get up until this rings, for our girls know what each one must do in the morning. Dr. Dye gives the men their tasks for the day, and as soon as Dr. Widdowson has started his men to work he goes to the dispensary and sees what people he can before breakfast. There is always a crowd waiting, and he and Iyokonsombo, the dispensary boy, are kept very busy giving out medicine and looking after all sorts of things. By the time Mrs. Dye and I are dressed some of the girls have finished their morning tasks and are ready to sew. The first thing after breakfast the bell is rung and all the station girls come in for prayers. We have just a simple little service—song and Scripture reading; then Dr. or Mrs. Dye says a few words about the lesson that has been read and offers prayer. Sometimes one of the native Christian girls leads in prayer. After this we really start to work. Some of the girls have rooms to clean, some kitchen work to do, some clean the paths and the house and some sew. Mrs. Dye looks after the sewing girls while I get the school work ready. I will tell about the school work later; now I ought to describe our station girls.

We have twenty girls. Some of these have no parents or friends, while some have Christian parents who have sent them here to be taught and trained. People in America are accustomed to think that these natives are such an ignorant lot that they cannot be taught much. They would soon change their minds if they could see our girls. It

is true that the heathen natives do not know how to do very much, and cannot read or write, but those who have become Christians or have had anything to do with Christians soon have a desire to learn more. Our girls are given their first dress all made for them, but after that each one must make her own dress. They have to sew by hand, and some of them do remarkably well. Of course they have great times at first, and have to try again and again. One little tot, who had just come, had to rip out the yoke of her dress so many times that she wore it out and had to be given a new yoke. After they have learned to sew well by hand, and can make button holes, we teach them to use a little hand sewing machine. They are proud when they can do this. A few of the older girls do very nice drawn work, but some of the girls could not learn this. They are now making a very pretty dress for Mrs. Dye, which she expects to take to America to show what her girls can do.

At ten o'clock school begins. The people, old and young, about one hundred and seventy-five in all, line up in front of the school, and when all are quiet march in. After song, prayer, and roll call the classes go to work. We have school in the old church, which is so small that it will no longer hold the crowds that come to the services. Some of our classes meet out under the trees, some in the old church, and others in the new tabernacle, where we always hold the Sunday services. The work is divided so that each class reads two days, writes two days, and has arithmetic one day. All of the classes, with one exception, read from charts which

we make for them. These charts are all homemade. We mount the paper on cloth and some of the older girls, who use the machines, sew them around the edges to keep them from tearing. We then put sticks across the top like we have on the kindergarten charts at home. Mrs. Dye writes some simple little story in Loukundu which we print on the chart with a hand sign printer. These answer the purpose well, but it is rather slow work making them. However, I enjoy it. Mark and James have both been translated into Loukundu, and we use these for text-books in the most advanced class. I do not attempt to hear this class but can get along very well with the others. For writing in the older class we have copy books, and they use ink. For each day we write some short Bible verse which they can learn while they are writing. The next class below this writes with pencil and we make a copy for each one in the class. The other classes use slates and we just make one copy for each class on the blackboard. How hard they do work and how they like to have the "white mamma" look at their writing and help them with it! All of the classes but two have charts for their arithmetic. These are made like the reading charts. The two older classes are doing harder work in addition than these chart classes. Arithmetic is their hardest work, but they do try so hard and want to learn so much. The native teachers are simply the brightest pupils from each class, and they only keep order and see that all work. The teacher must visit each class each day, and see how they are doing their work and hear them read. I really enjoy this, and it is a great help to me in getting the language.

After an hour's work we call the classes together, teach them the verse for the week, and close with song and prayer. Some days when they work real hard we send them to the orange trees and let each one pick an orange. This pleases them very much.

We take a rest at noon when it is so warm, but at two o'clock the bell calls all to work again. Our girls either sew or work in the garden. Many of the Christians wear clothes now, and we have the girls make garments to sell to them. In the evening the new people study the language.

We are a busy, happy family here. We have done away with all formality. Dr. and Mrs. Dye are Royal and Eva, Mr. Hensey is "Handy Andy," Dr. Widdowson is "Widdy," Miss Ferrin and I are Alice and Ella. Mr. Eldred is older than the rest of us and sometimes we call him "Pop," but usually Mr. Eldred. The natives have their own names for us. Mine is "Mamma Wuteji."

We had a wonderful experience when the evangelists returned the last time. After three weeks of special training the evangelists go out into the "back country" for two months' teaching. At the end of this time they return to Bolenge, bringing with them those who want to hear more of the teaching. They all come in at the same time, and for three weeks we have a kind of convention or conference. There are now about two hundred and twenty-five members in the church and they still keep up the average of one evangelist for each ten members. All the church members tithe. It is not a requirement, but it is Bible teaching, and that is enough for them. The Bible is THE book to them. If they get into any difficulty or trouble and come

to Royal to have it decided, all he has to do is to tell them what the Bible teaching is about that difficulty, and if they are Christians that is what they will do. It really should put us Christians in America to shame to hear them. But to finish about the return of the evangelists: They came in on Friday morning, and Saturday morning, just as we were going to sit down to breakfast, they came marching in from the village and crowded around our back steps. They sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then thanked God for sending back Mr. Eldred and two more white teachers. I was so happy as we stood there and looked into their black faces, and I, too, thanked God that he had permitted me to come to "darkest Africa" to help in his work. I could not begin to tell of all the meetings that were held while these people were in. Besides the religious meetings which they attended, many of them wanted to go to school. We had three hundred and five enrolled in school while they were here. This meant the organizing of several new classes and lots of work, but Andy and Alice were both here then, so there were three of us to get work ready. These were busy, happy days. These people are so hungry to hear the gospel. There were so many meetings during the day that one would think the people would be all tired out, but sometimes they would come to the door late at night and beg for more teaching.

Besides all this great work here there is the great Bosera District, where there are no missionaries but the Catholics. We want to start a station up there if the government will give us land. If not,

we want to have Bolenge as the center for work and have men to go there.

At the Sunday morning service Royal heard sixty-four confess their faith in Christ and express a desire to be baptized. We then went to the river for the baptisms. The sixty-four stood on the shore together and stepped into the water at the same time. Andy, Royal, and Mr. Eldred baptized them. One could hardly keep the tears from his eyes during the service at the church. The people were so earnest and seemed to feel and mean what they said. When you know what these people have to give up and what some of them endure to remain true, it means lots more. The Communion service in the afternoon will always be remembered. I could not understand what was said, but I was never more impressed. It was one of those meetings that you cannot talk about. I felt that I was indeed on sacred ground, that I had been face to face with my Master.

These people make so much of the Lord's Supper. If they have had any little trouble, something which at home we would not think amounted to much, they will make it right before they come around the Table. They are not required to do it, but do it of their own accord.

People may say what they please about the climate, but it is not nearly so bad as most people at home think. Of course we have to wear our helmets out of doors during the day and must be careful at all times not to get overheated. Sometimes it is quite cool here, and sometimes at noon it gets very warm, but it never has been nearly so hot as I expected to find it. I am well and happy

and have not even been threatened with fever. I have been here nine weeks yesterday.

I am sitting on the front veranda looking over the river. The view is beautiful. Our mission has the reputation of being the most beautiful on the Congo. It is the only American station; the others are English.

You should see us when the mail comes! When the mail boat goes by Royal sends a messenger to the "State." It takes two hours to go and two to return. We all watch the path and when the messenger comes into sight, we drop everything. Royal opens the mail bag and spills the mail out on the floor. You would think we were all children to see us scramble for the letters. This happens only every three weeks, so you can understand why we are so glad when the mail does come.

Andy came back yesterday, and Alice will come up on the next mission boat. They have been trying to get permission to be married but have been having a hard time of it. The State has finally given its consent so as soon as Alice comes, they will be married. There was some little thing about a certificate that did not just please the State, and they were not going to let them marry.

Into this new life of an African mission it was the same joyous, enthusiastic girl who poured her life. As in childhood her interests had been many and her conduct unselfish, as in college she had entered into all of its activities, and in her friendships there had shown the greatest unself-

ishness, so now all of the mission's interests are hers and her life is one of self-forgetfulness and love. "Busy and happy," her own words, certainly describe her brief life there.

When the invalid mission mother, Mrs. Dye, was not so well as usual, she learned to love the presence of the sweet girl who, without a thought of self, tenderly brushed her hair, bathed her face, and ministered to her in so many ways. Ella lamented the fact that she had not had a nurse's training, that she might help in the hospital work also, and resolved to study and help as best she could. She was one of those rare spirits who see something to be done everywhere and long to help in it all.

During the time while negotiations were being carried on with the Congo government for the consummation of the marriage of Mr. Hensey and Miss Ferrin, preparations were being made for the wedding in the mission home. Ella helped all the twenty girls make themselves new dresses for the occasion. Finally arrangements were made and the day set for the wedding drew near. The guests had arrived.

At the close of a memorable day when a party of friends had come on a mission steamer, Ella was taken suddenly ill and left the table almost fainting. A neighboring missionary was to give a

stereopticon lecture in the big tabernacle that night, so some stayed with Dr. Widdowson to watch Ella while Dr. Dye and the others went to the service. It seemed only an acute attack of indigestion, but she suffered so intensely that after a time Dr. Dye was summoned in consultation and everything was done to relieve her. After midnight she was easier, and in the morning she felt, as she said, almost well enough to get up. As ever in that climate, her temperature was taken to guard against possible presence of fever, and the register showed it to be already present, so she remained in bed. She seemed to suffer no pain after the first night, but she lacked reserve strength and was unable to battle with the fever. She was never left alone night nor day, and it was hoped every hour that there would be a lowering of the temperature.

She was so interested in the report of the stereopticon lecture that she asked Dr. Dye to take thirty-five dollars, which had been given her by friends when leaving home, to buy one for use at Bolenge and her wish was carried out.

Mr. Hensey and Dr. Dye had just returned from a trip to Longa and a letter had been written to the Board in Cincinnati, urging an immediate answer to a request made for workers in that new and needy field. Mail came a few days later, and

in it was a letter from President McLean, asking if we could not open a new station, as workers were ready. We were all moved by this evidence of God's hand in that work as he once more fulfilled his promise, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Ella thought and spoke of almost nothing else during that day but answered prayer. She received letters from mother, sister, brothers, and friends that mail, and she enjoyed them all so much.

The wedding day, May 15, dawned and found two of the guests unable to attend, but waiting in bed to give their loving congratulations to those two whose lives were to be linked by joy and sorrow in the very beginning of their union.

On the sixteenth all were anxious about Ella, for nothing would reduce the steadily rising temperature. About midnight it was thought best to tell her all, and this sad duty fell upon one whose life in these short months had been linked with hers in the fellowship of joy and suffering. When Ella realized what it meant that wondrous smile overspread her face as she said: "It is all right; tell mother I am not sorry that I came. I have been *so* happy." She remembered everyone and spoke of the different remembrances she wished them each to have and what should be taken home to the dear mother. She sent messages

tc her brother and a friend that she hoped some time they would come and take her place. She never thought even in that hour of self, but asked for the girls that she might give them a message. Her message was, that the secret of a truly happy life was to give themselves to Jesus and serve him only.

Once when witnessing the untiring devotion of the orphanage girls and the Christians to their sick mission mother, she had said, "I will love them as long as I live and I shall strive to win their love as you have." And she did, so that the same devotion was shown to her to the very end. It was touching during those last days to see one of them sitting on a stool by her bedside gently stroking her hand, with a tender, yearning look on her face for "Mamma Wuteji," whom she so devotedly loved, and had promised to stay with as long as she wished.

At eight o'clock on the morning of May seventeenth that blessed spirit was made free and went to that higher, closer fellowship with Him whom she had loved unto the death. Surely, greater love hath no man than this.

One cannot speak of resignation, for she never had such a thought. Hers was the joyful, triumphant entrance into an inheritance bought for her by the precious blood of the Son of God.

Tenderly the last services were rendered her, and she was laid to rest in a white dress, embroidered by her sister. It seemed in its fresh purity to be a symbol of the spirit which had so lately gone away.

Mrs. Dye, whose life had been so closely knit with hers, was also in the valley of the shadow, and it seemed that they might be reunited before the day was gone, but the great All Father willed it otherwise. She slowly recovered.

Quietly those who had loved Ella in life came to see her, the old and the young, the men and the women, all seeming to feel the presence of Jesus himself very near as they looked upon the earthly tabernacle of that lovely spirit. Quietly and reverently they went to the little city of the dead, where they carried their beloved teacher and laid her to rest beneath the shelter of a spreading palm. As those who loved her, as did all who knew her, think of her resting place sheltered from the burning tropical heat, so may they also remember that she herself has risen and entered forever into the loving shelter of her heavenly Father's home. Again has she said, "I'll go where you want me to go," and the life which seemed abruptly taken away is surely with her Father performing some higher service.

VI

In Memoriam

"Lida's Wood," the Young Ladies' Dormitory of Eureka College, was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ford, of Hiram, Ohio, and is named in memory of their little daughter Lida. Mr. Ford was for several years the private secretary of his lifelong friend, James A. Garfield. After the untimely death of little Lida, in the midst of his busy life in Washington, the President wrote to his bereaved friend:

"The death of a little child seems to break across the general plan and purpose of human existence in a way that appears like defeating not only the hopes of parents, but the plans of the Creator. Such a death is far more mysterious to me than that of an old man or woman. I never think of the sweet little girl that left us in 1863 without feeling that a beautiful plan was frustrated. The only answer to such rebellious thoughts is to be found in the hope that these departed little ones were wanted in some higher service which, if we understood, would show us that divine wisdom and goodness was in it all. 'Their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven.'"

Sad as was the loss to these parents of their little one, there is, nevertheless, some compensation in the quickened lives of others and the service they have been led to render. "Lida's Wood" itself is a perpetuation of the memory of their child. All the young women who have shared the hospitality of this hall have been helped by her life.

In many cases the death of a young man or young woman seems even more mysterious than that of a little child. That Edward King should be drowned in the Irish Channel, just as he was about to enter upon his life as a minister, was a great shock to his college friends at Cambridge. John Milton has commemorated this in his elegy of Lycidas. The two "were nursed upon the selfsame hill" and "fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill." From the temporal, material side there seemed no rational explanation of his untimely going. But from a higher point of view his friend is not dead,

> Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor, but mounted high,
> Through the dear might of him that walked the waves.

And to Tennyson and the group of friends in the Apostle's Club, the death of Arthur Hallam was, to their inquiring minds, simply unexplain-

able. "In Memoriam" records the struggles through which Tennyson himself passed in the search for many years "to find in loss a gain to match." "The blindfold sense of wrong" at the first gives way to the feeling that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

The sorrow is "touched with joy" and "the quiet sense of something lost" is cheered by the thought that "transplanted human worth will bloom to profit otherwhere." "Love is and was my Lord and king," he says at last, "and all is well."

> Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
> Love deeplier, darklier understood;
> Behold, I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee.

And thus the life of Arthur Hallam became, after years of questioning, the dominant influence in the life of the great laureate.

Not less mysterious at the first, to many of her friends, was the death of this young friend of ours, Ella Ewing. It has been difficult for those who knew and loved her best to understand why she should be taken suddenly away, just as she had crossed the threshold of the open door into such a wide and needy field of usefulness. Especially has

this been the case with those who have known that she had been set apart when a mere babe in arms by a consecrated mother and have seen revealed in her very play as a child her life purpose. Her home training anticipated the service to be rendered at last in distant lands.

To none would this disappointment and loss come with so deep a cut as to the mother who all along had been her guardian angel. She had shared with her child the missionary enthusiasm which made both glad for her to go to Africa. She had followed her in every inch of the way, wondering, praying, loving. As Mrs. Dye says, "It would be intruding on holy ground to even attempt to speak of the effect of the sudden and unexpected message, which brought across the sea the news of Ella's death, upon the devoted mother, sister, and brothers at home. It was a sad duty to bring personally her last messages and also her keepsakes and remembrances to that little group, yet it was a blessed privilege to meet that mother who met this in just the same trustful, unfaltering spirit she had shown when in their childhood she had consecrated her children every one to God for his own service. To have known the mother is to have known the daughter better. All had shared with Ella her mother's letters, as all but one of the missionaries were motherless. Had that dear

mother known that she was writing the last letters her daughter would ever read, she could not have written better ones. They were full of the appreciation which is so often unspoken until death has come. It is a benediction to be in that home in Eureka and feel the very presence of the absent one."

On the Sunday following the sad news that Ella had passed away, the Rev. A. W. Taylor, pastor of the church in Eureka which gave the money for her support in Africa, spoke touchingly of the significance of such a life and of such a death. The entire community was deeply moved and sympathized with the family and friends. The missionary spirit of the church was quickened by his interpretation of this unexpected and seeming untimely end. Later other commemorative exercises were held.

During the commencement of that year, at the reunion of the Periclesian Society, memorial addresses were made by President Hieronymus and Professor Radford. At the Founder's Day Celebration in February, 1908, Miss Irma Davidson, a friend and college mate, spoke of Ella's influence among her associates. When Dr. and Mrs. Dye returned to America they visited Eureka and the latter told at one chapel service of Ella's brief work on the Congo and of her influence there.

The final memorial service was held in the college chapel, Friday afternoon, June fourth, 1909. The songs were in keeping with the occasion, all of them being Ella's special favorites. The audience sang, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," the last verse of which took on a new meaning:

> There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
> In earth's harvest fields so wide,
> Where I may labor through *life's short day*
> For Jesus the Crucified.

Mrs. Emma Ewing, Ella's mother, whose very presence was a benediction, read as a Scripture lesson Revelation 14. 6, 7, and 7. 9-17, and commented on it. This fixed the attention, as she said, on "the great work of world-wide evangelization, the subject that filled so large a place in Ella's thought and life. It gives added interest," she continued, "to John's graphic account of the great missionary movement that in prophetic vision he saw sweeping over the earth, to realize that we are participating in the very work of which he spoke. In Rev. 14. 6, 7, we read: 'And I saw another angel flying in mid heaven, having eternal good tidings to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people; and he saith with a great voice, Fear God, and give him glory; for the hour of his judgment

is come: and worship him that made the heaven and the earth and sea and fountains of waters.' Any agency that does God's work, or carries his message, may be called an angel, and this angel may be thought to symbolize the great missionary movement that is giving the eternal gospel to the nations of the earth. The angel flying may be compared with the rapidity in which these wonderful changes are effected. And surely it is 'a great voice' that is arousing the slumbering nations, and enlisting their attention and interest in the salvation of the world. While living men and women have an important part in this great work, it is not exclusively theirs. There is reason to think that the faithful ones whom death removes from the work here have still a share in this blessed service. The writer of the letter to the Hebrews, quoting from the 104th Psalm, says, 'He maketh spirits his angels,' or messengers. There is another inspiring view given in Revelation, the seventh chapter, when the innumerable company of the saved of all nations are gathered before the throne of God and we are told that they are still engaged in service, that they serve God day and night. It ought to send us to our world-wide task with great enthusiasm to remember the great company of spiritual helpers who work with us."

A fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. David

H. Shields, present pastor of the Eureka church. Miss Leama Davis sang the solo "Some day the silver cord will break," and all joined in the chorus "And I shall see him face to face." A quartette sang "Some time we'll understand."

Mr. Hensey had just returned from Bolenge. He and his wife, who was Miss Ferrin, came to Eureka especially for this memorial service. He brought the latest message from the mission and told of the "after influence" of Ella's life there. Although her stay was short, yet her influence was strongly felt there, is yet, and will be forever. He told of a boy who, after being in school under Ella for a little while, wanted to go as an evangelist. Those in charge refused at first to send him. Finally, when there was need for some one to go, and there was no one else, he was sent. He went into a back village to preach. There he succeeded very well until the Belgian officers came for the tax. Because the people did not have it this lad was mercilessly whipped. He returned to the mission station bruised and beaten. The missionaries wanted to take the matter up, but the boy said that he counted it "an honor to be beaten for Christ's sake."

Mrs. Hensey told of the voyage from our own land to Africa, emphasizing the sunny, joyous disposition of Ella as revealed in the six weeks and

more of their voyage together. They became close friends. At one place in Africa where they stopped before reaching Bolenge, a native Christian said, "We want to meet that lady with the happy face."

An impressive part of this service was the introduction of Njoji, a native helper from Bolenge, who is spending a year or two in this country. He told, in his broken English, of the love that was in Ella's heart for his own people, and of her desire and his own desire for others to take up the work she so soon laid down.

Miss Edna Eck, an undergraduate of the college, under appointment to go to the Congo, was presented and expressed her joy at being able to go, not to fill Ella's place, because no one could do that, but to do her humble part in the work there.

It seems worth while to quote in full the tribute which Dr. Dye brought to this service:

"Ella Ewing came to us a sweet, typical American girl—the very embodiment of all that was good. A bright, jolly, vivacious disposition won for her the friendship of all about and the true ring to everything she did and said showed the love that she had for all and kept the friendships, ripening them to love. One need be with her only a short while to know that her every wish was to make some one else happy, or do for another some kindness.

"She did not have to be told what to do or scarcely how to do the work. She seemed to know, and went about doing things as though she had been in Africa for years. The little girls of the mission who had been so long without a 'mamma' during Mrs. Dye's illness, found in her one who loved them from the very first. They respected her even though she was unable to make her wishes known to them. She had but little trouble in the discipline of the orphanage girls. She was a source of wonder to them all. Her abounding spirits and nature made her a fast friend with the tired-out missionaries, and they were rejuvenated by the very contagion of her good spirits. Full of fun, she was always playing tricks on us, and when one was turned on her she enjoyed it as much as any. How could we help loving her? She did not want us to help it. She reveled in the affection that was readily hers. She was soon 'Sister Ella,' and she was happy in the close fellowship of that name.

"From the earliest days she went to school and entered a class, that she might help with that work and also hear the language spoken by the children. She soon became of great help, so that in a little while, when it became necessary, she for a time assumed full charge of the school.

"She was unable to eat heartily, and we told her

she just must to keep strong; so she bravely choked down every morsel on her plate. We suggested a bitter tonic, and though it forced her to make a wry face, she declared she liked it. The very thought of a possibility that she would be unable to stay seemed to her appalling. Anything but that! But finally she became a victim to the fever, and from the very start the case seemed serious. She begged me not to restrain myself from any of the stronger measures of treatment and said she wanted me to use freely any medicines, no matter how 'bad' they were. She tried, O, how hard to get well! From the beginning her fever was violent. She lay there in a bed by the side of Mrs. Dye, who was still far from strong. When the inevitable had to be faced, her first thought was of her—'Why, this will kill Eva.' And it almost did. But even to the last she inquired how the one she had come to help and who loved her so dearly was standing it all. So unselfish! So thoughtful of others, never of herself! We all loved her. We all mourned her, native and missionary alike. 'Wuteji' will never be forgotten. Her memory is a cherished heritage of all. Her spirit is still living at Bolenge and will be an inspiration for all time to come to those she went to teach so well of the Saviour, whom she loved."

Mrs. Dye spoke feelingly of the "closer com-

panionship." Next to Ella's own nearest relatives Mrs. Dye was closest to her. The simple touching days of the close of her life were described as they have been in this sketch. All wept together as she told her heart message.

The bronze tablet, a cut of which appears on page 84, together with the picture of Ella presented to the college by her mother, was unveiled. All sang in closing, "Crossing the Bar," and Mr. Hensey and Dr. Dye prayed earnestly that the workers might be multiplied and the work which Ella loved be brought to a rich fruition.

The earlier friends in the church at Jacksonville, where she was reared, and the wide circle of friends in the college at Eureka and the Christian Church there that had chosen her for its living link, all joined in wishing her a Godspeed in the long journey, and the blessings of the Master on her chosen work. The last good-bys were said, native land was left behind, the far-away land was reached, and she looked forward joyfully to the fulfillment of her most cherished hopes. Scarcely three months pass by. The African fever does its deadly work in a few days, and the hoped-for work of a half century ends before it is scarcely begun. The natives, who had in a few weeks come to love and trust her, saw her laid away under the tropical sun yonder on the banks of the Congo.

And there she sleeps to-day in peace beneath the palms.

But this life has not been wasted. No such sacrifice is ever made in vain. No such service is ever lost. There is

> Never a sigh of passion or of pity,
> Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
> Has not its archive in the angel's city,
> Finds not its echo in the endless song.

And the dear ones that we have known and that have passed on, are still our guides, not as they were while here in the flesh, but in a higher, holier sense they see and know and love us still and lead us on. And in just this way Ella Ewing lives to-day in the quickened lives of a wide circle of friends. "The very memory of her," as Whittier so fittingly said of his dear friend, "makes our faith in goodness strong."

Others are now in preparation to take up the work she so soon left undone, and still others will follow. Many lights instead of this one will illumine the Dark Continent. Multitudes will rejoice in the gospel message carried to the uttermost parts by those whose lives have been touched by hers—yet not hers, but Christ that lived in her.

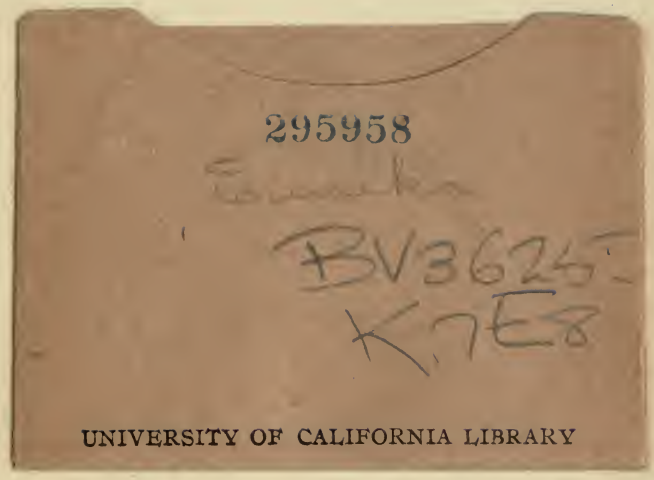
"Wuteji" the natives called her that had learned to know her and love her. To them as to us all,

"she wore the white flower of a blameless life." To them, as to us all, hers was a noble example of what a young life ought to be.

Chinese Gordon's epitaph in Saint Paul's, London, ends with the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The bronze tablet, placed by her faithful mother on Ella's grave in the little mission cemetery at Bolenge, also reads, "Greater love hath no one than this." And in tender memory of her, the student friends have placed an exact duplicate tablet of bronze on the chapel walls in Eureka College. It reads in full:

IN MEMORY OF
OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER AND SISTER
ELLA EWING
—F.C.M.S.—
BORN AT JACKSONVILLE, ILL., FEB. 15, 1865
GRADUATED AT EUREKA COLLEGE, 1905
BOLENGE, AFRICA, FEB. 9 TO MAY 17, 1907
"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."
"WUTEH"
"NK' ONTO OE' ELANGO
LOLEKI LOE, YOANE 16:13

YB 29407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